THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Commendations of the Testimony of 100 *Witnesses.*

"We have read many of the narratives of christian experience which it contains, and find them to be in general instructive and edifying. The plain, decisive and unvarying testimony which the Witnesses give in favor of experimental religion, a religion which can be felt and must be manifested, will make the volume a hand-book of wonders to many professors in our land."—*Church Advocate, Harrisburg, Pa.*

"The wise man has said "as face answers to face in a glass, so the heart of man to man." The numerous struggles and diversified processes through which the human soul passes in its conversion to God, are here recorded by a hundred witnesses. Some of these testimonies are written in a somewhat homely style, but they invariably evince deep earnestness on the all important subject of salvation. They are therefore calculated to comfort and assist those who are passing through similar struggles."—*Baltimore True Union.*

"These pages recount the 'conviction, conversion and religious enjoyments' of a hundred persons, among the living and the dead, and claim (not inappropriately) to be regarded in the light of 'an experience meeting in a book.' That in so great a variety of cases, there should be nothing of doubtful utility—that, writing necessarily brief sketches, the contributors to this volume should not seem, at times, for want of space, to overlook the metes and bounds between a genuine work of grace and sundry counterfeits,—that what are the mere *accidents* of regeneration should not occasionally appear to be ranged too nearly on a level with its *elements*,—this was hardly to be expected. On the whole, however, the book forcibly attests the agency and operation of the Holy Spirit in the new birth as a precious reality, and strikingly illustrates the 'unity in diversity' which characterizes vital christian experience. The reader will find interest and profit in it."—*Religious Herald, Richmond, Va.*

"Accept my thanks for the copy you have sent me of the 'Testimony of a Hundred Witnesses.' It is a book for the times, and should be widely circulated. You may expect to receive an order for five hundred copies for the Colporters."—*Rev. A. E. Dickinson, Sup't Va. Bapt. Colportage.*

THIS MONUMENT

IS ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF

GENERAL GOG:

Who died an Exemplary Christian,

AFTER A LIFE OF GLORY, DEVOTED TO THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY.

HAVING DESTROYED MORE HUMAN BEINGS,
HAVING DESOLATED MORE PROVINCES,
AND CONQUERED MORE TERRITORY,
HAVING WIELDED A BLOODIER SWORD,
AND COMMITTED MORE OF THE ATROCITIES
OF CRUEL AND UNNATURAL WARFARE,

THAN ANY OTHER MAN OF HIS AGE AND SIZE,

His Admirers rear this Monument,

TO PERPETUATE HIS EXAMPLE AND HIS NAME.

A GRATEFUL POSTERITY DECREES TO HIM

AN ILLUSTRIOUS

IMMORTALITY.

Inscription on the Tomb of General Gog.

"*John Mortal,*" *page* 52

THE

CAREER

OF

JOHN MORTAL,

A MAN WHO ENJOYED THIS LIFE.

BALTIMORE:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN F. WEISHAMPEL, JR.
RICHMOND, VA : T. J. STARKE, MAIN ST.
NEW YORK: SHELDON, BLAKEMAN & CO.
HARRISBURG, PA : JOHN WINEBRENNER.

PZ3
.C18

ENTERED according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by JOHN F. WEISHAMPEL, JR., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Maryland.

6
Copy

0725F1
6 Nov 46

STEREOTYPED BY RYAN & RICKETTS, BALTIMORE.

49-41825

CONTENTS.

PART I.

THE beginning of Life.—The first disappointment.—Apprenticeship.—Follies of Youth.—Sin.

PART II.

THE Child has become a young Man.—He dissipates.—The revelers of Vagrant Island.—Religion scoffed.—Follies and pains of an irregular life.—Sickness.—The Friend in need.—Tempter.—"RECRUITS WANTED."—Enlistment in a regiment of soldiers.—Col. Blood's speech.

PART III.

THE Army.—Advancement.—Mortal succeeds Col. Blood.—The fury of War.—The slaughter.—Glory.—Unhappiness.—Honor to the Brave.—Major Sharper.

PART IV.

MORTAL in love.—He becomes wealthy.—He travels.—Vesuvius.—The grave of General Gog.—Gambling.—Ruin.

PART V.

The last scene of all.—Dr. Popular Gospel.—Dimelover and Sharp die hopefully.—John Mortal's last conversation with Mentor and Tempter.—Despair and Death.

JOHN MORTAL.

A CURIOUS ALLEGORY.

PART I.

The beginning of Life.—The first disappointment.—Apprenticesnip.—Follies of Youth.—Sin.

"WHY are you chasing those butterflies?" asked an aged and venerable being, of a little boy, who was running, bareheaded, down the garden-walk of LIFE.

"O, I am doing it only for pleasure," replied MORTAL, for that was the lad's name.—He ran a great while after the gaudy insects, pleased with the golden glitter of their backs, as they flaunted through the sunlight. At last, having caught one, and unsatisfied with his victory, he tore off its wings, and crushed its innocent body under his feet.

"Ah!" exclaimed MENTOR, who watched him all the time; "you did wrong, my son.

You should seek pleasure in other pursuits. Won't you come into my library, and study some interesting book? I have beautiful and instructive histories and paintings and many rare and valuable gems of art. Change your thoughtless ways, and come with me."

The wise man continued his kind advice, until the child's tender heart was touched with sorrow for his recklessness and cruelty; he burst into tears, and promised amendment.

But soon afterwards, he forgot his good resolutions, and one day, he determined to escape from Mentor's presence—leave his early home, so simple and humble in all its associations—to seek a wider field for his restless mind, and make his fortune in the great and busy world—to *obtain* that which would gratify his eager and growing aspirations. For this Mortal was a proud and spirited boy, often turbulent and headstrong, and many a tear had fallen from his mother's eyes on account of his wilfulness. So, after fully deciding to seek an independent living, on his own personal responsibility, and tear himself away from his "mother's apron strings," as he thought, he rose early, one morning, bid a silent good-bye to the parental home, and

started westward, over fields and through forests, toward a great city, that lay near the sea-side.

After journeying a long time, through the heat of the sun, he came to a road that led into the city. Following the dusty thoroughfare, at last he found himself on the top of a long hill, at the base of which he beheld the tall spires and monuments and domes of a celebrated metropolis. The bells were pealing an alarm for some conflagration, and resounded like solemn music in the stranger's ear. Still more than ever curious and eager to enter the exciting scene, he was hurrying on, when suddenly a voice behind him cried out, very facetiously:

"Halloa! you little specimen of mortality! Where are you going?"

Now, Mortal had resolved, if any person should ask his name, to tell a lie, but when this question was asked, he feared that he was discovered; for he was still somewhat simple, and unacquainted with the ways of the world. So he stopped, and turning around, noticed that his pursuer was a pleasant looking man; and replied to him: "I am going to yonder city."

"What's your name?--and why are you going to the city?"

"My name is Mortal, and I am on a search for happiness."

"Ah! so your name is Mortal!—Mortal what?"

"John Mortal, sir."

"Queer name that! One might suppose you a relative to '*Old Mortality.*' And you are going in pursuit of happiness, are you? You are a wise lad. I hope you may succeed. What have you in your pack?"

"Some clothes and a little money, sir."

"Well, my boy, I am traveling in the very same pursuit; and if you'll agree with me, its better for two to travel together. I'll see that you are well cared for, and that nobody imposes on you, after we enter the city. But I think that you ought to change your name, for as it stands now, it means something like *death*, and in this city everybody tries to disguise death. However, you will soon judge for yourself. What say you to my friendly company?"

Now, Mortal, seeing no way to avoid the man without danger, for somehow or other, he suspected his honesty, hardly knew what

to reply. But assuming a smile of delight, he agreed to the proposal. So he trudged on with the stranger, listening to his lies and vain boastings, until the night approached, and they entered the bustling, noisy streets. The magnificence and variety of the public edifices, saloons, stores and shops, illuminated by thousands of gas lights, bewildered the rustic so greatly that he was in danger of being trodden down by the crowds of citizens and vehicles as they rushed eagerly and recklessly in every direction; and had it not been for his companion's kind *protection*, perhaps this might have been the consequence of his temerity in entering the whirlpool of a great city. His good friend, however, was generous enough to lead him by the arm, and carry his pack.

While they were thus threading their way, Mortal asked the man his name.

"My name is Sharp," replied he, after a moment's hesitation, "but some people call me *Sharper*," and at that, he chuckled to himself, and leading the boy to an alley near by, directed his attention to some object a number of people were running to see.

No sooner did this foolish child become in-

terested in the scene, than Sharp contrived to slip away unperceived, taking with him the little bundle, in which all of Mortal's stock of money and clothing was carefully wrapped. The villain then hastened to some den of thieves, and the poor adventurer was left destitute in the large and unknown city. Thus was he taught by actual experience, his first lesson of human deceitfulness.

Upon discovering his guide's absence, he ran hither and thither in great trepidation, and soon burst into tears and uttered loud cries of distress. This conduct attracted the attention of several police officers, who very bravely captured the boy, and dragged him off to the station-house, where, against his earnest remonstrances, he was confined with rogues and drunkards until next morning.

He was then placed before a magistrate, and examined regarding his conduct, character and intentions. He told the truth, ingenuously; and when he narrated how he was robbed by a man whom some people called Sharper, all the bystanders laughed heartily, and declared it was a good joke.

The magistrate remarked, that as the boy had no means of livelihood, he should have

to commit him to the almshouse, which he did not like to do; unless some gentleman or lady would be kind enough to take charge of him for a few years. Thereupon a middle aged and so-called worthy store-keeper, who was known as DIMELOVER, noticing the pleasing appearance of the lad's face, and conceiving that he would be of advantage to his trade, agreed to take him, free of expense, and support him several years, in consideration of his services.

Before leaving the police office, Mortal had the small satisfaction of seeing the justice issue a warrant for the arrest of Sharper, the thief. "*Fiat justitia*," said the learned and majestic magistrate, "the villain deserves to be punished; and he shall be—if we can catch him."

Dimelover established his new acquisition in his wholesale and retail store, and taught him how he should buy goods at less than their value, and sell them for a great deal more. He instructed the unsophisticated lad in the cunning tricks of dishonest dealers, who palm off inferior stock for good stock, and overreach their customers by falsehoods and flatteries. He showed him an example,

which was calculated to lead him to fortune, if he did not in the meantime cut across a shorter path, and land in the State prison. In a short time, and under such a master, Mortal acquired all the maneuvres of trade, became a first rate salesman, and assisted to build a great fortune for the merchant.

For a while, as time fled onward, he was contented with his place, and thought the life of the merchant was the true life for him.

But, the routine of business grew familiar, and with constant familiarity came contempt. His duties appeared irksome, his restless soul demanded stimulus, and he longed to escape from his confined position.

He longed for adventure, in some channel that led to pleasure, he hardly cared what. He beheld wealth and luxury, which were denied to him, and stood as yet outside of that ring, the circle of which winds amid tumultuous pleasures until lost in the vortex of passion and despair. He was unhappy.

One day, a beautiful and accomplished girl descended from a carriage, entered Dimelover's store, and struck with a bewildering fascination the susceptible senses of the youth who waited on her. After she left the store,

he became maddened to reflect upon the gulf that separated them. He was smitten with the morbid fancies of a hopeless passion, which he took for love, but which may have been but a vagrant notion. But he saw the girl no more at that period of his career, and at length he tried to forget her fair face.

He applied himself more diligently to the accumulation of money, by secreting his wages and extra gains, until he possessed a larger amount than he had ever before called his own. This he put out in trade on his own account, but his master envious of his prosperous commencement, quarreled with him. The disagreement made him still unhappier than he was before. Time passed. He increased in gains, and speculated, until one fine day, a speculation carried away all his money and for a while all his hopes of a happy life. Disappointed, he complained of misfortune, and bemoaned his existence, and waxed impatient against moral government.

Invested with all the growing passions of youth, he could scarce restrain them from leaping madly forward and carrying him to a suicidal fate. Yet, with all this danger within him, and with all the alluring and

destructive temptations without, he was never wise enough or thoughtful enough to pray for assistance and support from the only One who could have thoroughly succored him.

Bad advice and idle company spoiled his business habits. He left his place. "I am thrice as wretched, now," said he, "as when I entered it. Why cannot I be happy? I am young; I have sought pleasure in labor, in idleness, in amusement, in imagination; but all fail to satisfy me. Am I to grow up to manhood and old age, and enjoy no satisfying pleasure?"

He noticed a beautiful vessel in the harbor of the city, and was suddenly impelled by a desire to go to sea. "There, on the waters of the boundless ocean, I can gain enjoyment from visiting distant climes, and even the perils of storm and wreck may afford their peculiar zest to make me less misanthropic."

Mortal left the wharf, was rowed out on the tide, and soon climbed to the deck of the vessel, which was commanded by a Captain TEMPTER. This individual welcomed him in a cordial and winning manner, declared him to be one of the handsomest lads he had ever

seen, and promised to make a commodore of him before ten years.

"My bark is called the '*Youth*,' remarked the Captain, "but that name was given to it some years ago. It ought to be called the '*Old Boy*,' now;"—and he laughed at his jest.

Mortal saw two or three pale and emaciated young men sitting on the deck. Their idiotic stare and hectic flush excited his attention. "Who are those pitiable creatures—and what brought them to that miserable condition?" he enquired.

The Captain's brow flushed, and before replying, he turned to them and cried out, angrily, "Get away from here, you drunken sots! Do you want to frighten my visitors? Down with you to the hold, or I'll have you put in irons." At this, the wretched fellows crawled away, carrying with them two bottles, labeled *Rum* and *Whiskey*. Then, with a forced smile, the Captain answered Mortal: "Those creatures are two fools who have reduced themselves to their abject condition by intemperance and other vices. I have often warned them against bad liquors, but in vain. They are now without homes, and spend all

their time here. For pity sake, I let them stay, to do the odds and ends of my dirty work. ..... But, let us talk of other matters. I want you to make yourself perfectly at ease, and do whatever you like to arouse and stimulate your depressed spirits. But, Mortal, that's an ugly name of yours—let me change it, and call you Jack Careless, or Jack Dontcare, or Jack Go-it-while-you're-young."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed both. "You're right," added Mortal, "call me anything at all, only let me see life." The Captain offered him wine. Both drank, but it was the first draught of intoxicating beverage that had ever entered the lad's lips. "Here's a health to you, and a jolly cruise to the crew of the *Youth*."

The bark slipped from its moorings, and almost imperceptibly glided out on the tide of TIME. Mortal, as we shall still call him, seemed to have thrown overboard even the remembrance of his old friend Mentor, and all the wise advice received during Childhood. He made himself familiar with the crew and passengers in the vessel, and hour after hour acquired their free and easy habits. One sad evening, the enticing fumes of wine seduced

him into revelry, and he sunk into a state of beastly intoxication, from which he did not recover for many days. Then he regretted his imprudence; but before he had time to meditate seriously, Captain Tempter assailed him with such wiles and banterings as drove to flight all his good thoughts. "Make merry, and be glad, for age is far from thee, and thy days are all thine own."

"My *dear* young friend," remarked Captain Tempter, very insinuatingly, "I'll take care that you have but little labor to do; *my* friends shall act as they please, and leave all hard work for drudges. As for you, I am interested about your welfare more than ever. You shall become *accomplished*—you shall be a *gentleman*. In the first place, let me ask, can you dance?"

"No," replied Mortal, abashed. "If you mean wriggling, hopping, turning and bowing and so forth, I confess I have been prejudiced against the practice."

"Pshaw! some old woman's prejudice!—Dancing is the poetry of motion, graceful and genteel. Professor Lightfoot shall give you lessons. Can you play with cards?"

"No. They are the gambler's tools!" returned the lad.

"Tut, tut; sensible people can play at the card-table without gambling. I know some *parsons*, who sip wine, shuffle cards, and utter as sound doctrine as Saint Paul. For that matter, as dancing and wine-drinking are so plainly taught in the Bible, I should presume card-playing is also; though I have never taken the trouble to look. There's no danger in cards, if you'll only play with *gentlemen* or *ladies*. I'll instruct you in this *innocent accomplishment*, and also show you how to rattle dice, manage dominoes and billiards, and other amusements. Of course it's your own fault if you harm yourself; but a *well-balanced mind like yours* need not have any fear."

"Very well," responded the idler, whose judgment yielded to the temptation.

From this time, he spent day after day at no higher occupation than these games. He grew expert and boastful, challenging every player he met, and acquiring a name commensurate with his success. His thoughts day and night hovered over the schemes and maneuvres of the gambler's implements.

* * But none of these things brought him happiness. During his unoccupied moments he was miserable. His transient pleasure was

only feverish Excitement. * While in this condition of heart and soul, he was startled by the freedom with which the Captain ventured to talk to him about a subject which he had always regarded with horror. But surprised as he was, he still listened, and soon discovered that his conscience was growing harder and harder every day, and that he had become reckless and God-defying, and that he was ready to commit any sin profitable to his lusts.

It was CRIME that Tempter suggested to his willing comrade.

PART II.

THE Child has become a young Man.—He dissipates.—The revelers of Vagrant Island.—Religion scoffed.—Follies and pains of an irregular life.—Sickness.—The Friend in need.—Tempter.—"RECRUITS WANTED."—Enlistment in a regiment of soldiers.—Col. Blood's speech.

THE guise under which crime was presented to our traveler, was the same which has induced so many young persons to forsake the path of honesty. They pretend to believe that they may take money from a man who does not *need* it—take property from a man who has *ill treated* them, or paid them less wages than they claim—without being guilty of *theft*. From petty pilferings, they proceed to large robberies and other crimes, public and private. There are many circumstantial routes to the same great sins.

John Mortal, however, did not yield, in a great degree, to the suggestions to crime. It was not because he loved virtue, but because he had a horrible vision every time he begun to plan any atrocious undertaking. The vision was this:

A large stone building, encircled by a high

wall, and guarded by armed men. Over the gateway, which was double-barred and bolted, and bristled with iron spikes, there could be read the following inscription:

THE LAW IS A TERROR TO EVIL DOERS.

The doors of the prison—for such it was—appeared to open, and the dreamer beheld a row of cells, in one of which there sat a man, under sentence for crime. The man looked haggard and unutterably wretched, and with his manacled hands rubbed away scalding tears that filled the furrows under his eyes. Then he spoke these words:

"Cursed be the day I committed my First Crime!"

Leaving the felon in his living tomb, the vision displayed a gallows, erected in the jail-yard. The gaunt machine was surrounded by a crowd of people who stared with terror at the body of a man dangling in the air from the hangman's rope. A man in black, who stood near, cried out:

THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH.

This picture of the Punishment of Sin on Earth frightened Mortal from any illegal ac-

tion. He refrained from it, because he was afraid of the Law of the land. But he committed *little sins* without number, and spent his golden youth in the evil company of Captain Temptcr and his immoral crew.

The vessel wandered about the seas, until the tropical islands came in view. Then the Captain anchored for a season on Vagrant Isle, where he had relatives. These were: COQUETTE and SYREN, nieces, and SCEPTICISM, (surnamed *Independence*,) and FALSE PRIDE, (who was called *Honor*,) nephews. These individuals, puffed up with a considerable share of arrogance and vanity, greeted our hero in gallant style, as he landed from the vessel.

The day on which he left the "Youth" being the *twenty-first* anniversary of his birth, Mortal was unusually gay, and celebrated the event by eating and drinking so much, that he nearly died from the effects.

The jovial islanders joined in every means to make Mortal merry. "You can be happy with us," exclaimed Coquette and Syren.

"You cannot be happy without us," was echoed by Sceptism and False Pride.

"I'll take you all for my friends," cried Mortal, kissing the wanton girls, and clasping hands with the silly young men.

The party caroused early and late, at the taverns and ball rooms, scattered all over the Isle, and with INDOLENCE and FRIVOLITY, boon companions, made every night a season of unbridled license.

One night, the crowd was gathered around the convivial board. Scepticism rose up, and lifting a glass of liquor, proposed a toast:

"Here's confusion to all creeds and Religions!"

"Hold!" cried Mortal, "I cannot drink that! There is *something in Religion*, notwithstanding many of its professors are hypocrites."

"It's only a matter of opinion," replied Scepticism. "For my part, I believe in none of the *isms* and *ologies* of the day. But I acknowledge a Deity:—Nature's my God."

"Yes," chimed in False Pride. "Worship Deity without form and creed, according to your own notions, and be independent of outward ceremonies. Show your spirit, lad. No gentleman of pleasure may be entangled in those old-fashioned habits. Drink."

"Well, here goes!" exclaimed the half-tipsy Mortal, "Independence in everything, and confusion to hypocrites!"

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted the others, "If you would enjoy yourself rationally and thoroughly, don't let the hobgoblins of the holy and immaculate Church disturb you."

"You were born for complete mental and physical happiness, not for misery," lisped Syren.

"True," added Coquette; "and the *ladies* like a man of the world—one who knows a little of Chesterfield—one who bends at no shrine but woman's."

"Yes," added Tempter, who was present, "these so-called Christians live melancholy lives, and go to hell, after all, for playing the hypocrite—that is, if there be a hell..... Do you live like a man of common sense; believe nothing but what you see; see nothing but what you think suits you; take care of your own precious self, in every case, before all other interests; keep a smooth face and an oily tongue; and get through the world as easily as possible. My word for it, you will fare as well as the most rigid theologian, and if there is a Heaven, you'll get there as soon as he. '*Dum vivimus vivamus.*'"

"Huzza! Go it while you're young!" said Scepticism, addressing Mortal, and winking to the Captain.

"Well, I'm thinking I'll take your advice, and make the most of life," replied the novice. "Anyhow, it's no harm to enjoy one's self, and if I must repent, in sackcloth and ashes, I'll postpone it till I get old."

The pen of the biographer fails to enumerate all the follies and trifles of which the infatuated young man became culpable. Riot ruled throughout his passions and pursuits.

After running through the degrees of sport that existed on the Isle, Mortal accompanied his new friends to other places of notorious character. In passing from island to island, they beheld "life" in every phase; and at length reached the main land, where large cities and towns spread out their wickedness along the sea shore. From the shore they passed inland, making a long stay at the famous city of "Vanity Fair," which a celebrated traveler named BUNYAN has so ably described. Here Mortal purchased many fancy articles, such as masks, pistols, dirks, jewelry, flashy waist-coats, and many other articles of fashion, not that he desired to murder anybody with the weapons, for he was always awed by the Law, but principally because it was the style among men of his pretensions.

Among the habits now fixed upon him for life, were tobacco chewing, liquor drinking, and impiety, these being necessary to polish him as "a man of the world."

* * But, with all his accomplishments, the rake, coxcomb, or fool, as we may call him, was far from being happy. Therefore, his constant companion, Tempter, was continually devising new adventures for present diversion, and carried him frequently to the populous borough of "Dissipation," near by Vanity Fair. In this town, an infatuation seemed to govern the people, who had reduced themselves from luxury to degradation and poverty. Wo to the traveler who loitered there! If he but halted at Cripplegate, to pay the toll for his horse and wagon, if he had any, he was immediately beset by a gang of ragged wretches, begging and clamoring for money and liquors, until frequently the spendthrift visitor would scatter all his gold among them, and give some of the bold rascals even his horse and wagon. Then the traveler, perhaps, escaped, but the beggars who seized his vehicle, mounted and rode to Diabolus.

A description of these cripples and mendi-

The Beggars at Cripplegate.—A scene in the Town of Dissipation....."*John Mortal*," *page* 28.

cants would occupy a small book. Some of the most prominent were named: *Lust*, *Decanter*, *Lottery*, *Theatricus*, *Pimp*, *Laziness*, *Prize*, *Blank*, *Blackleg*, *Cheat*, *Thimblerigger*, *Gabbler*, *Racer*, *Brokenbones*, *Spendthrift*, and *Treat*. A glorious galaxy of names, truly! These rogues, with their families—and they had a numerous progeny!—were let out on the public, to gain a living by their various frauds and tricks. Many were clothed in a genteel style, and inhabited gilded saloons, club-houses and places of amusement; but others haunted only the vilest localities, amid filth and licentiousness. Some were maimed and blind, but others only pretended their deformities and diseases, claiming compassion from the thoughtless and generous. One of these wretches, named *Still*, said that God had given him permission to do as he pleased, and thus repeating, he ruined more men, women, children and property, than almost any other of his companions. It was at Cripplegate where the rabble mostly gathered, for it was through this gate that most of the young men who came to *see life*, made their entrance to, or departure from the city of Dissipation.

When the adventurer was not sufficiently

fleeced in the fashionable establishments, as this gang supposed, then, they would beset him by fair means and foul, until every cent was emptied from his pockets, all his property squandered, and even his life jeopardized. Frequently the scoundrels would beat their victims, till death ended their disgrace and suffering.

It was through the various allurements of Dissipation, down to this horrible spot, that Tempter brought Mortal, who did not escape from the general fate of dupes, as we shall see. Shortly after arriving there, one Revenge met Mortal, and tried to involve him in a quarrel. Mortal objected at first from fear of being whipped and disgraced; but being fuddled a little by some of the nauseous stuff manufactured by one of the *Still* family, and urged on to it by *Bottle Imp*, he joined in a regular knock-down fight.

Thereupon followed a great row, and many of the loafers joining in, bloody heads and broken limbs soon became plentiful. Mortal at first cried out lustily, and played about to the great damage of those around him; but presently a fellow, called *Last Glass*, gave him a stunner on the brain, that sent him

reeling in the gutter, where he lay for a long time, speeehless and senseless.

After Mortal had reached Cripplegate, and closed his sporting times in this ignoble manner, Coquette and Syren, Honor and Independence, and even Tempter, with the rest of his crew, left him for dead, saying that "the fellow was a fool for being so imprudent."

Mortal lay in the mire for some time, till a couple benevolent people, who had come to this wicked place to benefit the misguided people, raised his inanimate body, and conveyed it to a hospital. There he languished in much suffering for several months.

While convalescing, his mind recalled the history of his life. Youth was past—inestimable years of youth! how were thy seasons wasted! "Alas! I am undone," exclaimed the unhappy young man.

* * While Mortal was repeating expressions like this, a venerable, white-haired individual approached his bed, and to the surprised mourner displayed the features of Mentor.

"The way of transgressors is hard," said Mentor. "I am sorry to see you in this sad

plight; but it is certainly your own fault. Why have you not sought pleasure in righteous actions, instead of squandering all your time and talents in reckless, careless and sinful mirth and revelry? Ah, you can never gain happiness in such low and selfish pursuits. Repent of your evil ways, earnestly, solemnly! Leave this wicked place, never to return. Begin life anew, in a proper manner."

Mortal consented to reform; but his resolve was founded on fear of death, and not on love of virtue. So, although Mentor remained with him till he was recovered, when a new visitor appeared, he was quick to forget both Mentor and his own good-for-nothing promises.

Captain Tempter stepped into the room, with a smirk and a bow that quite captivated poor Mortal. "But, where have you kept yourself?" enquired the invalid.

"O, yes,—ahem—I was wounded as badly as yourself, in that *melee*, and have just now escaped from my bed to visit you, *my dear young friend.*" Thus answered the lying Captain, as an excuse for his absence.

"Come," added he, "let us take a stroll

about town, and see the sights. There's a regiment here, on its way to the seat of war."

The temptation of a walk, the temporary absence of Mentor, and the agreeable company of the old fox, Tempter, determined the idler. He sauntered through the streets with the Captain, until the sound of drums proclaimed the presence of a military body.

After a glass of wine, at one of the numerous shops around the military head-quarters, Mortal's attention was called to a placard, that read as follows:

"RECRUITS WANTED!

FOR THE GRAND ARMY OF GENERAL GOG."

Under this heading, the words "Bounty Land!" were printed frequently, so as to inform the public how glorious a reward was in reservation for the patriots who fought under General Gog.

Tempter suggested to Mortal, that now was the time for young men of spirit to make a bold attempt for fame and fortune. This inflamed the spark that was already lit in the bosom of the ambitious man. Many a time had he dreamed of military glory, on the field of battle, amid the smoke of powder and clash of arms.

A couple more glasses of wine settled the matter for Mortal. He decided to be a true patriot, and when the recruiting sergeant tapped him on the shoulder, Mortal yielded his name and body to serve under the flag of his country. He enlisted.

To keep him in good spirits, Tempter also united with the soldiers, but having served previously, he took rank above a mere private.

Both immediately engaged in a carousal, with their new comrades, until the commanding officer summoned them to depart.

Colonel BLOOD was the name of the famous leader of the regiment. Before it departed, he addressed them in one of his soul-stirring speeches, the *meaning* of which was as follows, although several historians have failed to state the truth:

SPEECH OF A CELEBRATED HERO.

"Soldiers!" shouted the Colonel, "You are now about to start on a career of victory *and* death. The eyes of America, Europe, Africa, Asia and Oceanica, are upon you.—Become as bloated as you can with conceit of your warlike abilities. When you meet the enemies of our country, show them that the

courage of the Goths and Greeks animates your souls. Fight furiously, madly, desperately—the more lives you destroy, the greater will be your recompense at the hands of the nation. People will point to you, and say, There stand the heroes of the age! You must destroy, by slaughter, fire, and usurpation, all the civil and natural rights of the people, whose lands you invade. Let smoking ruins and blood-stained graves attest the path that leads you to renown. Finally, if the enemy contests your advance, die with an oath of execration on your lips, rather than yield; this will be the warrior's death—this will prove you to be men of spirit. You will be immortalized in the records of GLORY!"

Mortal, with many other idle persons, received this mixture of lies and bombast, as if it were true and proper to the letter. "Military parade and honor will surely bring me happiness," said he, as the regiment took up its line of march for the territory of war.

Of his adventures and successes in the army, the reader will learn in the next chapter.

PART III.

THE Army.—Advancement.—Mortal succeeds Col. Blood. —The fury of War.—The slaughter.—Glory.—Unhappiness. —Honor to the Brave.—Major Sharper.

AFTER a toilsome journey, during which Mortal learned, with sore feet and aching limbs, that there was less poetry than disagreeable fact in a soldier's life, the regiment reached the encampment of General Gog.

The first object that attracted the attention of our pleasure-seeker, was the body of a man on a gibbet. Some unfortunate had met the fate of a deserter.

The war had originated between the governments (not the people) of the adjoining countries, from some very trivial matter, perhaps an insult to an ambassador's lady at one of the courts, or perhaps a dispute about a little land, or it may be, about nothing at all. From trifles, they proceeded to blows, until the whole world was agitated about the result of the quarrel.

Shortly after Mortal's arrival, a series of severe conflicts took place between the army

and the enemies who surrounded it. A detachment of Blood's command having been sent out to surprise a stronghold, Mortal distinguished himself so greatly as to receive a public mark of approval—being presented with a captaincy on the spot.

It is true, that at first, Mortal recoiled from the actual shedding of blood, but after receiving a slight wound, and after hearing the wild music of whistling bullets and roaring cannon, a fierce energy took possession of all his faculties. He pushed forward, sword in hand, and surpassed all his comrades in acts of rash and cruel courage. All the revengeful and sanguinary qualities of his heart were fostered in this and similar contests, and a passion for killing soon took entire possession of him. He valued his life at nothing, taking no thought of the fearful consequences in the Great Hereafter.

The rank of Captain only created aspirations in his bosom for higher offices. Shortly after, Colonel Blood was killed in a desperate fight, and as Mortal had become remarkable for bravery and ability, he succeeded to the vacancy caused by the decease.

During his transition from the ranks, Mor-

tal learned, from the envy which he excited, that nearly everybody about him was pursuing some phantom or other in the hope of an enduring happiness. "A strange place is *this*, to seek happiness," thought he, but was himself there on the same errand.

One dread night, the drums sudddenly beat to arms, the soldiers were aroused, regiments put in motion, and a terrible battle begun.

Colonel Mortal, at the head of his men took a dangerous position, and defended it vigorously against an assault, until morning. The foe then retiring, he put his men in hot pursuit, charging upon the fugitives, who fell at every step. Infuriate with the true spirit of War, he gnashed his teeth in the excitement of passion, and dashed onward, like a wild maniac, "Forward, my men!" shouted he, "Kill! kill! kill! Cut down and spare not! No quarter to the foe this gallant day!"

His followers caught up the shout, and acted it in many a cruel deed. Sword and bayonet were sheathed that day only in living bodies. Other battalions echoed the war-cry, and joined in the conflict and chase. Many thousands of soldiers in reserve on both sides, now hastening together, made a tremendous

aggregate of human life in the balance of victory or death. All these thousands mingled in combat—horrible to behold!

The cavalry leaped over the slain, plunging amid heaps of dying soldiers; their horses' hoofs trampling on the bosoms of shrieking wretches, whose last breath was a yell of execration and malediction upon their conquerors, and who perished here, with mangled limbs, lacerated faces, broken bones, bleeding hearts, and a dreadful hot thirst parching their vitals! The grape shot swept away hundreds of living men, who fell, in heaps, under a steady fire, suffering unspeakable agonies, mutilated, torn asunder, destroyed. The cavalry and infantry and artillery alternately claimed the bloodiest laurels of the conflict. The men-at-arms broke their steel in the bodies of their foes, their bayonets dripped with gore, their musket-stocks were smeared with the brains that were scattered beneath their murderous blows.

Colonel Mortal was both the boast and the terror of this scene. His red plume was the standard of his regiment, and marked where the verdant earth was dyed the deepest crimson.

While in the midst of this carnage, a fiery thought of remorse flitted through his mind. For an instant, he stood still on his stirrups. "Is *this* happiness?" he sighed. "No!" he suddenly responded, as if in terror, "*No! —It is Hell!—it is Hell!*"

"Colonel!" cried an aid, "our left wing is repulsed, and we require assistance."

"*Charge!*" cried Mortal to his men, leading them to the thickest fight. "Beat back the horde, and slay every living thing!"

They *did* beat back the enemy, and when night fell again, there was an awful quiet over the field of slaughter. Twenty thousand corpses were scattered over the ragged earth, in every attitude of violent death.—Slowly the smoke curled up away into the frowning sky, and vultures came flapping their wings over the disfigured corpses that lay ready for their repast. Imagine the tearing into pieces of human flesh by the carrion bird's beak. Imagine the ripping of human bodies by the claws and teeth of the wolf.—Imagine troops of loathsome hyenas gnawing upon the decaying corpses of a battle field; and human bones bleaching beneath sun and and moon, wind and rain; and pestilential

vapors sweeping over surrounding valleys; and, worst of all, an eternal retribution upon the men who fought and died there, like real fiends!

This is GLORY.

"Permit me to congratulate you," was the first exclamation of General Gog to Colonel Mortal, when they met, after the battle, in the midst of the reassembled officers. "Yesterday, you won immortal renown. Your unparallelled bravery, your stupendous success, your consummate command, have won a fame that will rest on your name through all time —you are a Hero. Posterity will place your statue in its Valhalla."

Colonel Mortal bowed, and a blush of modest surprise suffused his face. He then resumed his place at the head of his troops, experiencing the most thrilling emotions of gratified pride. This satisfied him for the hour. This honor rewarded him for all his crimes on the battle-field. It was for glory like this that twenty thousand men had been slain like sheep in the shambles.

* * Tempter, who was now on the staff of General Gog, shared in the joyful congratulations on the victory, which had ruined

the enemy, and placed his territory at the feet of the victorious army.

Mortal was appointed Governor of a province, which he immediately entered. Tempter accompanied him. The grim array of invaders advanced through the lovely country, meeting a wail of sorrow and death from every home and every heart. The ruthless conquerors passed on their ambitious way, regardless of the misery around them. Ambition knows neither compassion nor remorse.

Mortal established his authority in the subjugated province, and surrounded himself in the capital with every luxury his heart could desire.

Some few months elapsed. Inactivity and repose succeeded the turmoil of war. Mortal was content only in activity. Peace succeeding, he grew weary of the dull routine of the soldier's duty—the dull routine of the wine table—the dull routine of transitory amusements. How can an immortal mind expect permanent and satisfying gratification from the ignoble pursuits of earth? This man of pleasure was still unhappy.

During an idle spell, a quarrel broke out between Mortal and another officer. A duel

succeeded, and the Governor had the credit of "killing his man." When the hour of wrath was past, however, a deep anguish of mind troubled him grievously; so much, that he seriously contemplated suicide. Tempter consoled him thus:

"Don't be so melancholy; there's no God to condemn you."

"But I feel within my heart the forebodings of a hell," answered Mortal.

"Utter nonsense! There's no such place—it is merely conjured up by imagination."

"Why, then, do I feel so bitterly wretched and hopeless of peace?"

"Because it's your nature—you're naturally saturnine. Be assured, it's nothing but a transient indisposition. Divert yourself by travel, or fall in love."

At length the victim of good fortune decided to leave his rank and emolument, and return to the city of his early youth. During his progress from town to town, especial honors were scattered upon him by the highest and wealthiest people. Plaudits greeted his ear, and the smiles of beauty were lavish to his eyes, in approval of his career. "The gallant Col. Mortal, late Governor of ———,

who assisted so materially in the recent war with ———,'' was feted and lauded until he grew sick of the adulation.

He reached the city from which he had departed many years previous, and walked with a vigorous step, as if a new youth was animating his frame.

Having secured a residence, he was sitting in his room, one day, when a visitor was announced. ''Major Sharp,'' echoed the valet, introducing an elderly, sleek-looking gentleman.

''I have the privilege of addressing the honorable Colonel Mortal?''

''That is my name, sir.''

''Well, Governor, I have been directed to your particular favor, and have with me credentials from your old companion in arms and constant admirer, General Gog. I have also letters of credit from—''

''Pardon me, sir; but I think I recognize you. You are an old acquaintance.''

''I assure you to the contrary, Govern—''

'' Ah! I remember those insinuating tones —those winning smiles, and those expressive features. You are named Sharp—'*but some people call you Sharper.*' Eh?.....Servant,

show this scoundrel to the door!—and if he should ever call again, send for a policeman. Out with him!"

Major Sharp, who was no other than the thief described in the first part of this narrative, started with rapid steps toward the door and disappeared in the street.

Mortal laid back in his cushioned seat, and soliloquized: "People in this world live by lying and cheating, and all manner of injustice; and everybody has to become an adept in artifice to hold his own. *Such a world!* I see that if I want to keep my head up in society, I shall have to look out for Number One, and I mean to do it!"

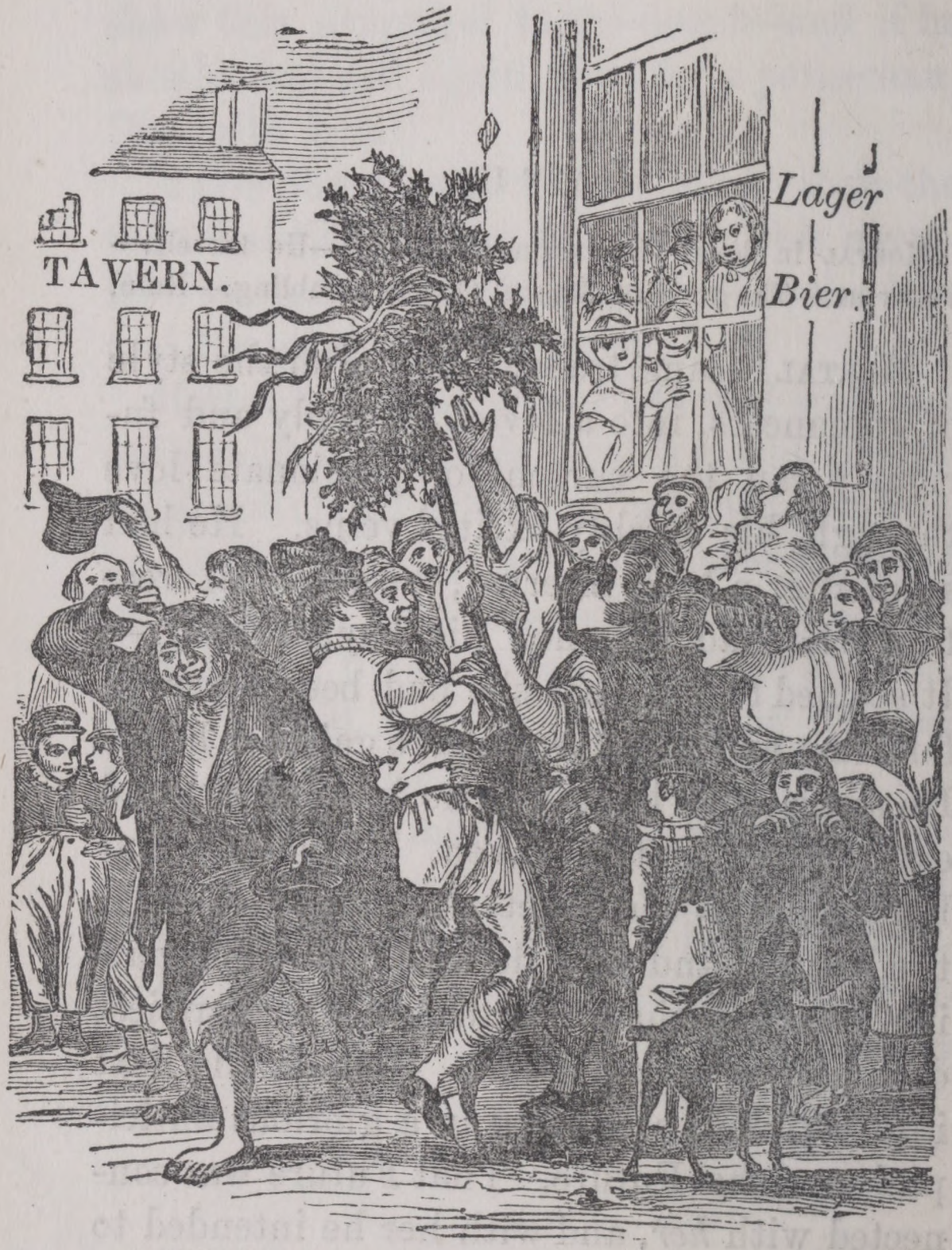
After a few more similar reflections, he started out for a walk, but on the threshold of the door he beheld some object that riveted his undivided attention. He stood motionless for a moment, and then hastened eagerly down the street.

PART IV.

MORTAL in love.—He becomes wealthy.—He travels.—Vesuvius.—The grave of General Gog.—Gambling.—Ruin.

MORTAL became transformed, after the style of romancers, into a lover. Deeply and furiously ran the current of passionate love through his freshly excited veins. He had seen, after a long interval, the identical creature who had charmed his boyish fancy.—It seemed to him that she had been reserved for him; and he determined to gain her hand. He anticipated happiness no less exalted and extatic than that of heaven. He placed about his inamorita the sweetest graces ascribed to the houries, and more delightful and fascinating imagery than ever decked the happiest dream of an opium-eater. He sunk his Past into oblivion, and lived in a glorious anticipation of the Future. That Future was connected with *her*, and with her he intended to luxuriate in every imaginary bliss.

Egotist and dreamer! It was not in the pleasures of love that he was to find the per-



Idle Revelers in the Town of Dissipation.

"*John Mortal,*" *page* 30.

fect fulfilment of his ever-increasing aspirations. No earthly gratification can satisfy the immortal part of us. He was married.

* * Youth brought him Dissipation, but not Happiness.

Manhood brought him through War to Honor and Wealth, but not to Happiness.

Love brought him a transient pleasure.—But the dream passed away, and his wife died.

He became penurious, and sought pleasure in MONEY.

He speculated. He took advantage of every opportunity to increase his wealth. In all large cities, there are multitudes of poor people, who are subject to the tyranny of the laws that govern human nature—the unscrupulous manufacturer or employer, instead of being a blessing to the community, often oppresses the poor. From the hard toil of such, Mortal acquired great gains. Dime-lover, his former master, had accumulated a large fortune, and *failed*. Mortal succeeded him, and gained distinction as one of the most fortunate of merchants. Wealth poured in upon him. His ships floated on distant seas.—Money—money—money comprised the aim of his toil, and he gained it. Did he secure

contentment with it? Rich men, *are ye happy?*

"A hundred more pieces of gold," was his exclamation. Next, "A thousand more." And at last, "O for a million more!" Too poor were the treasuries of commerce to content him.

The man was getting older. Gain palled upon his desire. He calculated his life. No balance of comfort lay in his favor. "What shall I do?" he enquired of Tempter.

"Travel," was the suggestion.

Away from the city of his household, he fled, as rapidly as money could carry him—to seek the bubble he had been pursuing ever since he chased butterflies in his childhood. Books and travel should administer to his mind diseased. He would study distant cities and climes, and the excitement of travel should compensate his weary soul.

Away he roamed, from one scene of interest to another. He read romance amid the ruins of Persia; he drank of the sweet waters in the Nile; he strayed over the stones and tombs of Jehoshaphat; he drove across the icy plains of Russia; he climbed the Alps and the Appennines; he rested in the vineyards

and castles along the Rhine; he wandered among the Thugs and thickets of India; he sat in Rome and in Athens; he glided over the Pacific and Atlantic seas; he trod the sands of the desert, the wilderness of the far west and south, and the green slopes of populous lands civilized by his own race. All these journeyings pleased him, opened stores of rich historic interest to his mind, and delighted his imagination by recalling by-gone ages and kingdoms.

"But," said he, once, while sitting on a crag, overlooking the fires in Vesuvius, "I have half a resolve to fling myself headlong into the gulf. Ye red flashes, that seem to gleam from the deep of hell, ye burn not more wildly—flicker not more terribly—than the thoughts of my heart.....I remember that Mentor remarked, in the days of my youth, that true happiness was not to be obtained in earthly pursuits. I have sought it in all the vanities and vexations of the world. Have I found it! *Oh, no—no—no!*.....But why not stop NOW in my evil career, and reform?"

"Cease your puerile moralizing—it is now *too late*," responded Tempter, his ever-present companion.

"Too late!.....Alas for my soul! Death is preferable to my remorse."

"Die, then, fool! Be a suicide. It would be *sublime* to expire in a volcano."

"Avaunt, Tempter! *I am afraid*—afraid to die, and afraid to live."

"Then come down from this fearful mountain, and drop your more fearful thinking, and seek for an antidote to your life's bane. Come, let us journey again."

As they were traveling, they came again to the land of their military exploits. At a certain town they saw the Tomb of their old commander, General Gog, who had perished while storming the town of———. Let us read the inscription.

[*See next page.*]

"Alas! General Gog, where is your immortality?" observed one who read these lines. "Feared, flattered, honored, a fool, tyrant, and man of blood, in this llfe, I fear that you find in the other world, no sycophants to call you great, and no God to call you just. Alas, where is now the immortal part of you?"

THIS MONUMENT

IS ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF

GENERAL GOG:

Who died an Exemplary Christian,

AFTER A LIFE OF GLORY, DEVOTED TO THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY.

HAVING DESTROYED MORE HUMAN BEINGS,
HAVING DESOLATED MORE PROVINCES,
AND CONQUERED MORE TERRITORY,
HAVING WIELDED A BLOODIER SWORD,
AND COMMITTED MORE OF THE ATROCITIES
OF CRUEL AND UNNATURAL WARFARE,

THAN ANY OTHER MAN OF HIS AGE AND SIZE,

His Admirers rear this Monument,

TO PERPETUATE HIS EXAMPLE AND HIS NAME.

A GRATEFUL POSTERITY DECREES TO HIM

AN ILLUSTRIOUS

IMMORTALITY.

Inscription on the Tomb of General Gog.

"*John Mortal,*" *page* 52.

In his wanderings, Mortal resorted frequently to the stimulants that had excited and debauched his youth. These led him, at an age when grey hair begins to mingle with the jet locks of forty years, to seek a frenzied excitement in *gambling*. Do we not remember how he instinctively revolted from cards in his youth? Now they were always in his hands or pockets. He pursued the passion recklessly, and played deep. Fortune, the goddess of fools, tricked him into her temple, and then flung away her smiling mask.

The money that war, commerce and cards had brought him, now fled on the wings of Chance. The golden time of his life was over.

Maddened by the excitement of gambling, he would roam from den to den of rascally resort, and stake his rapidly diminishing gold pieces on the throw of dice or turn of a wheel. At the last, he almost always lost, —and one night, he rushed out from one of those iniquitous places, with a dreadful oath, proclaiming his utter ruin.

Wealth and position lost, he went further down the way of misery and despair. He presented a profitable example to the world,

of a broken down spendthrift, a man, who knowing no god but himself, exhibited the foolishness and frailty of human strength.

O, that the world were wise! O, that the young would be warned by the example of a bad man's career!

At last, Nature could bear no further excesses; and Mortal's strength yielded prematurely to decay. It so happened that he fell sick, in the town of Dissipation, and was so dangerously affected, that he gave up all hope of recovery.

PART V.

The last scene of all.—Dr. Popular Gospel.—Dimelover and Sharp die hopefully.—John Mortal's last conversation with Mentor and Tempter.—Despair and Death.

THE doctors bled and physicked, and otherwise tortured Mortal's diseased body; but afforded him no relief. When he discovered that they could do nothing for his earthly part, he discharged them, and called for some one to mend his immortal part. He sent for the REV. DR. POPULAR GOSPEL, a celebrated divine, who officiated in a popular church, and preached a popular theology.

The distinguished minister being sent for by the honorable and well-known ex-Governor of ———, of course he hastened to comply. He entered the chamber of the dying man, prepared with his usual fund of remark. Mortal broke out abruptly, and with anguish in his tone, on the subject of death.

The Doctor answered him in a soothing speech.

"What is death?" asked Mortal.

The preacher, in reply, endeavored to recollect a passage in one of his written sermons on the soul; but not remembering it correctly, he repeated its substance, in a very easy and complacent manner. "Death," said he, "is not at all terrible. It is the cessation of physical and material existence, and the entrance of the soul into a state beyond this sublunary sphere. It is the transmigration of the soul from mortality to immortality. It is the adieu to temporalities upon the threshold of infinite Futurity. Incomprehensible to mortal understanding is this miraculous transition, but of its certainty we are assured by science, nature and revelation. The insect world exhibits to you a beautiful figure of this subject. The caterpillar typifies mortality; the butterfly exhibits a faint idea of the glorified condition of man after the thing we call death, but which is only change. Be not disturbed at its approach. I hope, sir, that you are not unnerved at the approximation of your decease."

"On the contrary," answered Mortal, rather brusquely, "I *am* troubled on the subject. I have no peace of mind. I am like

the guilty king in the play. Ghosts rise up before me."

"O, sir, that is in consequence of your ill health, or natural temperament. You may be melancholic. Your fears may result from a natural gloomy and saturnine—"

"Just what Tempter told me," interrupted Mortal.

"Tempter! Who is he?"

"I fear that this poor man will soon know —to his despair," said the venerable Mentor, who now entered the room. Tears were in his pitying eyes.

"Do not vex the Colonel with such impertinent forebodings," said Dr. Popular. "He should try to maintain an even serenity of mind. Let him be amused by romance, or music, or some favorite study."

"They are tasteless, and worse than mockery to my ear and heart."

"Well, then, bestow alms to the church. Give a sum to the missionary cause, for the conversion of the heathen. The consciousness of having performed such a good action cannot fail to solace you greatly."

"I have none to give; and had I much, I doubt whether money could purchase for me

an inch of comfort. I could not buy peace of mind with all the gold that I have squandered."

"I differ with you, sir. Money wasted in the extravagance of the world, will yield no lasting pleasure; but money used for the benefit of the church is another thing. 'Charity covereth a multitude of sins.' Let me afford you an example or two, of noble liberality. Only last week, the opulent Mr. Dimelover left this world for, I trust, a better.—On his death-bed, seeing that he could not carry his wealth with him, but wishing to do some good, he left the whole bulk of his large property to the church of which he was a member, and of which I am pastor. And I assure you, sir, never did a man die more calmly.....Yesterday, I visited Major Sharp, a retired officer, as well as lawyer, I believe, who died, while I was present with him, in an *assurance* of future happiness, which was truly admirable. But it is easily explained. He had bequeathed fifteen thousand dollars to establish a mission, to be called after his name. Colonel Mortal, there is nothing to be compared to benevolence."

"And did *Major Sharper* thus purchase a

birth-right to Heaven? Is your Religion a commodity? Can it be purchased by money —ill-gotten gold, stolen and ground from the simple and unwary—by such scoundrels as you have named?"

"Why, sir, you astound me! Both those gentlemen were highly honorable. You are calumniating them."

"O, begone!.....you hypocrite, begone!" cried the dying sinner, with impatience and contempt. "I am penniless, and you cannot get any money by staying here. Your words are bitter as gall. *You* a preacher of salvation? O, no. *Go!*" * * * The crest-fallen minister retired. Presently the dying man called out, "*Mentor! Mentor!* Come to my side again. Let me hear *your* voice."

"I come," answered Mentor. "*Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*"

Just then, Tempter came out from behind the curtains of the bed, where he had been secreted, and scowling on the speakers, rudely cried, "It is too late—TOO LATE."

"O, what a reflection!" wept poor Mortal. "At last the scales of blindness are dropping from my eyes. Tempter, what have I gained by sin?"

Mortal and his *friends* enjoying themselves.

"*John Mortal,*" *page* 24, *etc.*

"Wealth, honor, fame, love, mirth, and excitement."

"But what have I lost?.....ALAS! ALAS! I HAVE LOST MY SOUL. I HAVE RUINED THE IMMORTAL PART OF MYSELF. Too late, I am compelled by self-evident proof, to acknowledge death, hell and judgment."

"Remember the voluptuousness of Dissipation—and smile!" suggested Tempter.

"The wine-cup had its adder, whose poison has entered my vitals," replied Mortal.

"Remember the glories of your battles and victories—and triumph!"

"I cannot triumph, for the ghosts of my slaughtered foes rise up and call me accursed. I am a murderer."

"Remember the sweets of woman's love —and be happy again!"

"Never more so happy! For she whom I loved died, and my children died, and I shall never see them again, through all eternity."

"Remember the days when men called you rich, and when your commercial credit was as extensive as the world."

"Riches have wings—they departed, and left me desolate."

"Remember the time, when you roamed

among the antiquities of foreign lands, and amused your mind with the recollected associations of history."

"The ruins of earth appal me, for I myself am but a wreck."

"Mortal! Mortal!" interrupted Mentor, "Remember the *Redeemer of penitent sinners*, in this hour of your utmost need."

"It is too late!" hissed Tempter.

"Indeed, it is too late!" added Mortal, in a touching tone of anguish.

The group now gazed at each other, with various and intense emotions, as the disappointed seeker after happiness rose up in his bed, and cursed all the world.

"Mentor, I curse not *you*, for your warnings against vice, and gentle persuasives toward virtue, and more than all, your blameless example, have been before me ever since my childhood. But, depart from me now. Your presence is a terrible reproof, that I cannot bear. * My Boyhood was passed in the folly of sin; my Manhood loaded me with the crime of sin, and succeeding years have accumulated upon me the filth and vice of sin. And now my remorse for sin, as sin, is begun. * O death! O grave! O life beyond! Your

presence crushes me! * O for lethe, to submerge my thoughts!"

"Be quiet, man. Don't let the world say that the distinguished hero died in the agony of cowardice. Control your tongue. Will you listen to music? I have the viol, and a rare voice to accompany it."

"No; for now my disturbed senses seem to be surrounded with noises from another world. Voices are screaming, '*We are lost.*' "

"Will you participate in a game?"

"No; I would rather pray than play."

"Will you drink a little alcohol?"

"Liquor? Yes. I am parched with fever. .....But, no, *no!* for the 'hell-broth' will turn to flame, when I die, and a never-empty goblet will be my everlasting portion."

"You are absolutely frightful!"

"Well may I be; for it is a fearful thing to die, *and be damned!*

From that dark, infernal place,
Where is neither hope nor grace,
But whose punishment within
Is the quenchless flame of sin—
Came a voice unto the ear
Of a sinner, in his fear:
"Wretch! thou shalt stay no longer hence—
Come, receive thy recompense."

With a ghastly palish cheek,
Strove that dying man to speak
But no more he thought or said,
Than a curse upon his head;
And with heart unsanctified,
Turned he on his bed, and died.
Then his spirit wandered hence,
To receive its recompense.

"John Mortal," remarked his physician, "I feel it my duty to inform you, that in a short time—a few moments, perhaps—you will cease to breathe. Your pulse is growing weaker and weaker."

"When this was announced, no flash of joy or smile of satisfaction was observed on the sick man's countenance. It was anxious and perturbed; because he had no hope beyond the grave. [Listen to the words: No hope soothed the sinner in his dying hour—all his faculties were overwhelmed by dark, dismal despair. Is the human creature living, who would desire to die thus?]

Captain Tempter, I am almost gone."

"I know it."

"You speak lightly."

"For good reason. The fact of your temporal and eternal death affords me satisfaction."

"Ha? What do you mean?"

"You have been deceived by the greatest of deceivers!" wept Mentor, who still lingered near. "You have been betrayed by the vilest of traitors, and given your precious soul to his eternal service."

"Fool that I have been!.....A suspicion has often agitated me! Is it possible? Who is this before me? *Avaunt! Tempter!* touch me not! You—you—are—"

"I AM SATAN!"

* * * At this revelation, the Spirit of Evil threw off his mantle of disguise, and made naked his full deformity to his speechless victim.

Mentor sprang to hold the fainting form of Mortal, as it sunk down on the couch. His tongue moved to utter "*Lost! Lost!*" but there came only a gurgling noise. An unseen shape cast an arrow and transfixed his heart. A rattle—a gasp—

AND HE DIED.

THE END.

LIST AND PRICES

OF

INTERESTING BOOKS:

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN F. WEISHAMPEL, JR.,

No. 484 West Baltimore St.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

FOR SALE BY T. J. STARKE, RICHMOND, VA., AND
SHELDON, BLAKEMAN & CO., NEW YORK.

Adventures of Balboa.

Illustrated with several Engravings.

PRICE THIRTY-EIGHT CENTS.

Commendations:

The following Notices will show the character of this volume. The first is an unsolicited note from the distinguished Mr. Irving; dated, "Sunnyside, Irvington, Jan. 5, 1858."

"I HAVE READ your romantic version of the Adventures of Balboa with much pleasure, and hope that it may have a success that will encourage you to further undertakings of the kind.

WASHINGTON IRVING."

"IT comprises an interesting narrative of the character and career of the bold Adventurer whose name heads the story, and in which history and fiction are blended with graceful and dramatic effect." "A work in which an important historical event is wrought into a pleasing story, diversified with fiction."—*Baltimore Sun.*

"THIS is a stirring narrative of the twenty-seven days' march, by Vasco Nugnez de Balboa and a band of one hundred and ninety Spanish adventurers, for the discovery of the Pacific Ocean. How these brave men surmounted the difficulties of their enterprise, from pathless forests, treacherous guides, tropical storms, and an army of fifteen thousand Indian foes—all this is told, and well told. We are but slightly read in the department of American annals to which the story belongs, but so far as we may trust ourselves to decide, the author has kept the path of authentic history; while the tender affection of Minnonestogee and Ilnetta relieves very pleasantly the sterner aspects of the volume.—The author holds a pen from which, doubtless, the public will hear, and be pleased to hear, again."—*Religious Herald, Richmond, Va.*

Prayer Meeting Hymn Book.

Containing over three hundred Hymns, with many favorite Choruses.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

This book is bound in leather, is convenient to carry in the pocket, and has been received with much favor, many thousands having been sold during the first year of its publication. It contains all the Hymns most used in Prayer Meetings and Revivals; these have been collected from many different volumes, no other single book containing all of them. It is provided at a low price. The retail cost being only twenty-five cents, it will circulate where larger and costlier volumes are neglected; and being designed only for the circle of prayer and the revival, will not interfere with the use of the regular Church Hymn Books.

The Cheap Edition is furnished at the following prices:

Single copies,	25 *cts.*
One dozen copies,	$2,25
One hundred copies,	$17,00

To please the various tastes of purchasers, three editions in fine binding have been prepared, at the annexed prices:

Roan, 40 *cts.*, *Full Gilt*, 60 *cts.*, *Turkey mor.*, 75 *cts.*

The following lots are arranged for convenience:

LOT NO. 1, FOR FIVE DOLLARS:

16 plain at 25 cts., 4 roan at 40 cts., 2 gilt at 60 cts.

Being $6,80 worth of books for $5.

LOT NO. 2, FOR TEN DOLLARS:

30 plain at 25 cts., 8 roan at 40 cts., 5 gilt at 60 cts.

Being $13,70 worth of books for $10.

LOT NO. 3, FOR TWENTY DOLLARS:

60 plain at 25 cts., 16 roan at 40 cts., 11 gilt at 60 cts.

These packages can go by Express, or any means directed.

The Testimony of a Hundred Witnesses:

Or, the Instrumentalities by which Sinners are brought to Embrace the Religion of Jesus Christ.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

THIS VOLUME contains the history of One Hundred Conversions, written mostly expressly for this publication, by Christian individuals in the various evangelical denominations. It is, in a word,

AN "EXPERIENCE MEETING" IN A BOOK,

In which each person relates briefly the experience of his own heart concerning the great salvation. Among the number are about fifty ministers, some of the most able and renowned of the past and present ages. These interesting narratives show some of the causes which lead sinners to become concerned for their eternal welfare,—their resistance to the force of the Truth and the strivings of the Holy Spirit,—their subsequent struggles against their own evil dispositions, or "carnal mind,"— and their final perseverance toward the way of life, by true repentance, and an acceptance through faith in Christ, of the blessings which follow the love of God shed abroad in the soul.

Place this book in your family, and cause it to be circulated among your neighbors, that it may awaken many sinners, and edify the saints of God. Form clubs of a dozen or more, and send for the work, which will be forwarded at $4.00 per dozen, cash, in any way directed. A single copy sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of fifty cents.

Canvassers can make good wages in selling this popular book. All orders must be acccompanied by the cash, and addressed to the Publisher.

The Career of John Mortal,

A MAN WHO ENJOYED THIS LIFE.

Illustrated with several Engravings.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

THIS volume presents several rapid and startling pictures of the career of a man who enjoyed all the pleasures and profits of this world, and neglected to honor God. John Mortal gained the whole world, and lost his own soul. The style of the composition is partly allegorical and partly narrative. It claims no credit for literary excellence, but is published with the hope of arresting the attention of those who neglect to read works of a heavier and more solemn appearance, and impressing their minds with the worthlessness of human vanities and honors.

Table of Contents.

PART I.

THE beginning of Life.—The first disappointment.—Apprenticeship.—Follies of Youth.—Sin.

PART II.

THE Child has become a young Man.—He dissipates.—The revelers of Vagrant Island.—Religion scoffed.—Follies and pains of an irregular life.—Sickness.—The Friend in need.—Tempter.—"RECRUITS WANTED."—Enlistment in a regiment of soldiers.—Col. Blood's speech.

PART III.

THE Army.—Advancement.—Mortal succeeds Col. Blood.—The fury of War.—The slaughter.—Glory.—Unhappiness.—Honor to the Brave.—Major Sharper.

PART IV.

MORTAL in love.—He becomes wealthy.—He travels.—Vesuvius.—The grave of General Gog.—Gambling.—Ruin.

PART V.

The last scene of all.—Dr. Popular Gospel.—Dimelover and Sharp die hopefully.—John Mortal's last conversation with Mentor and Tempter.—Despair and Death.

Character Book:

FOR

HIGH SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES, AND PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

PRICE SIX CENTS.

THE OBJECT of this Book is to give a weekly report to parents of the studies, attendance, deportment, standing and progress of pupils at school. THE CONDUCT of the pupil is marked under the head of General Deportment, with the following degrees: Excellent, Good, Tolerable, Unsatisfactory, Inattentive, Idle, Disorderly, Disrespectful, Careless. A written excuse is required for every exercise omitted, or for leaving school before the hour of dismissal. Parents or guardians are requested to examine the weekly reports of the Character Book, sign their names to them, and return the Book on Monday morning. A *good name* is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Price to Teachers: Fifty cts. a dozen.

The First School Book.

Illustrated with numerous Engravings.

PRICE TWELVE CENTS.

RD 14.7.

THIS is an instructive Primer for children, combining a series of progressive spelling lessons, commencing with the alphabet, and interspersed with simple rhymes and easy sentences in prose, accompanied with many pictures. The Primer contains Dr. Watts' celebrated Cradle Hymn, the verses entitled "Mary and her Lamb," the "Busy Bee," &c. Those who wish to change from the heavy and badly printed "Spelling Books" in present use, will find this to be more attractive to the young beginner, and more likely to coax him a step forward in his first lessons.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing Agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date:
JUL 1996
BOOKKEEPER
PRESERVATION TECHNOLOGIES, INC.
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Twp., PA 16066
(412) 779-2111

DOBBS BROS.
LIBRARY BINDING

JUL - 74

ST. AUGUSTINE
FLA.
32084

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00012723131